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EMIGRATION TO KANSAS.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED IN BISMARCK GROVE, LAWRENCE, KANSAS,
ON THE 16th OF SEPTEMBER, 1879,

BY

EDWARD E. HALE.

BOSTON:
GEORGE H. ELLIS, 101 MILK STREET.
1879.

At the request of some friends, I print this address, and without hesitation, in the series of my summer's sermons,— at least, it fills the gap which would otherwise appear in this series, for the week beginning with September 14.

I visited Kansas, on invitation of the Old Settlers' Association, to be present at their celebration of the twenty-fifth birthday of their beautiful and wonderful State. More than twenty thousand persons came together for this celebration, and were entertained with that Western hospitality which is more than princely. On the second day of the festival, I was asked to speak, and delivered this address.

When Kansas was planted, I was not minister of the South Congregational Church. But among those of us who were then members of that church, whose hair is now growing gray, were many of the young men who went eagerly into the movement which this address describes. And, not to speak of the living, I like to record here the name of David McGilvray as the man who sent to Lawrence, in its weak days, the clock which still keeps true time on the tower of the Unitarian Church. Samuel Wadsworth was another of those early friends of Kansas.

E. E. H.

EMIGRATION TO KANSAS.

New England sends her greeting to Kansas, to-day. You are proud of your own State. New England is as proud of you as you are of yourselves. You rejoice in your matchless prosperity. New England rejoices with you. You try hard, and you cannot try hard enough, to forecast the future which is before you. There are those in New England who paint as brilliant pictures as the boldest of you can do of your achievements that are to be. As the news of your congratulations of yesterday flashes up the Connecticut valley, and across the Merrimac, and down to the farthest township on the Aroostook, there are thousands of fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters, who read, even as I am speaking, the words of your pride and enthusiasm. They rejoice with your joy. They recall your memories of blood and of sorrow. They pray with your prayers, and they hope with your hopes.

New England has been indebted to Kansas for one great deliverance, and that, I may say, came before Kansas herself was born. The Kansas-Nebraska bill, and the men who made it,— and I was glad to hear yesterday that among the bad men who made it there were some very good men,— the Kansas-Nebraska bill cut for the men of conscience in New England the cruelest bonds that ever tied their hands. It was somewhat as my friend Mr. Forney found himself,— free to do what he chose, and to lead Pennsylvania at his will, after James Buchanan had gone back on him! It has been the distinction of New England from the beginning,— from the time of Pym and Eliot and Hampden and Cromwell and Winthrop,— that she has always mixed up in her politics a great deal of conscience. People who do not understand her are apt to ridicule her new parties as "conscience parties,"— as they ridiculed them once as "Puritan parties." All the same, that is her way. In such a community, men of

conscience, which is to say men of honor, felt terribly the entanglements which, in the process of time and the developments of this nation, were woven about them by the compromises of the Constitution, and of 1820. But with the courage of conscience, a very large majority of the best men of New England held their allegiance to the unpopular and even cruel legislation which had followed on those compromises, because they or their fathers had given a pledge and that pledge had not been withdrawn. The South held them to the compact; it held them to it with a cruel hand, and insulting tyranny. The Abolitionist party winced under this insult, so as to accept the alternative which the Calhouns and Jefferson Davises wished for. The Abolitionist party was willing to condemn the Union as heartily as even Calhoun or Davis or the Kentucky resolutions of old times condemned it. It was willing at any moment to cut the tie, and let the slave States go with their horrid odium; let them sink to the deepest bottom where God might choose in the ocean of disunion. But, to the great body of New Englanders of either political party, this seemed as unmanly as it seemed unwise. They did not think they escaped the responsibility of this leprosy by sending the leper into the desert shrieking, "Unclean, unclean." They had taken the benefit of the union and of the compromises. They did not see that they had a right, when the other side was presented, to repudiate the contract because it came hardly. "Repudiate" was no word of their invention nor of their politics. It belonged to another state and another social order.

Law and Liberty. — Those are the mottoes of New England.

"O Law! fair form of Liberty! God's light is on thy brow;
O Liberty! thou soul of Law, God's very self art thou.
One the clear river's sparkling flood that clothes the bank with green,
And one the line of stubborn rock that holds the waters in;
Friends whom we cannot think apart seeming each other's foe;
Twin flowers upon a single stalk with equal grace that grow.
O fair ideas! we write your names across our banner's fold;
For you the sluggard's brain is fire; for you the coward bold.
O daughter of the bleeding Past! O hope the Prophets saw!
God give us law in liberty, and liberty in law!"

The New Englander does not know and cannot tell to which of the two his fanatic allegiance is more close. And when the two seem to be parted, when he must choose

between one and the other, then comes the tragedy of his history.

Such a crisis had come in 1854 and in 1855.

The old Whigs of New England and the old Democrats of New England hated slavery as thoroughly as you do; but their hands had been tied, till on blessed morning of emancipation, the passage of the Kansas-Nebraska bill set them free. That reason have they and their sons for being grateful to Kansas, even before she was born!

In fact, the announcement that a cool proposal was made to open Kansas to slavery waked the whole conservative North to union. Men had had a theory, till then, that the Southern statesmen were men of honor. They supposed that at least they would hold to their word. And now and here was the announcement, that the promise of thirty-three years, confirmed by "no end" of enactments, was to be falsified. Men who had fought against the Missouri compromise to the last, had all the same assented to it after it had passed. Missouri had been admitted under it, and Arkansas and Florida; and now they were told that, because the time had come when the other side of the bargain was to be enforced,— now it was torn to tatters. The honor of the South, so blurted on every breeze, proved to be a mere name. The solid South had no hesitation in saying that, in holding the nation to the compromise, it had meant nothing. It had driven a harder bargain than ever a Connecticut pedler made; but the moment it had its pay, it meant to break the bargain without even giving one nutmeg. In that proclamation of her shame, the South released all her Northern allies, in all parties. As Mr. Forney has told you, even when the Southern congressmen voted for "Squatter Sovereignty," they voted merely in a fashion of speech for a gilded generality. In such double-tongued breach of faith, the solid North was set free. Who can keep faith with liars?

The announcement released for action on the side of freedom two sets of men, who had till now been held back, enraged at their own inaction. There were the older men of both political parties,— silver-gray men,— who had held themselves bound in honor to maintain the compromises. There was the young generation which had never voted for the Missouri compromise, nor in any way assented to it, which, all the same, had been chafing under the lash both of anti-slavery orators and of Southern slave-masters, as they ridiculed the Northern dough-faces. Such young men had seen

no field for action. The abolitionists simply proposed a dissolution of the Union. This was, at bottom, but a confession of defeat. Of what use to the slave to take a desperate measure like that in the hope of avoiding responsibility? They thought that this was but a very unsatisfactory proposal. And to go to anti-slavery fairs, to sustain anti-slavery journals, to sign anti-slavery petitions, to work the under-ground railroad, seemed to young America but a very milk-and-water-business, even though the orators proclaimed dissolution, and begged men to avoid complicity with slavery. Hundreds of thousands of such young men were chafing with indignation, not suppressed, because there was no field for the issue.

At last, the bell struck for both these sets of handcuffed men. The South, by a mysterious madness, repudiated the Missouri compromise. A fair field was given young America for the battle, and on the instant young America picked up the glove.

Whoever thought that those fatal provisions were "glittering generalities," which gave to the first settlers here the right to establish forever your fundamental institutions, soon woke to a sense of his folly. Indeed, any man who in his study of history or in his forecast of history, keeps out of sight the processes of emigration, shows that he knows very little of the philosophy of history. Why, there have been men, and wise men, who have thought and argued that no tribe or nation ever made any substantial advance without this divine help of the advent of a superior race! So the Peruvians were uplifted by the Incas; so the Gauls were civilized by the conquering Romans. And, though one may not make that extreme statement, it is safe to say, that the very courage, patience, endurance, enterprise, and restlessness which go to the make-up of an emigrant, are qualities which, of themselves, by a law of natural selection, "winnow out the best wheat" from the harvest of old lands for the planting of new. If any man doubt this, let him study the blessing which Hengist and Horsa brought to England in that Anglo-Saxon emigration of tribes, whose names we retain so proudly to this day. Let him study the awakening by which Anglo-Saxon England in its turn was blessed by the invasion of the Normans. Let him study the new life which Italy received in the emigration of the Lombards. Nay, let him study the results which came to Spain in the invasion even of conquering Visigoths. And with us this Genius of Emigration, who

had been chafing in the prison whose door the Solomons of another generation had sealed, who was now set free by the fated folly of Jefferson Davis and those other fishermen of the South who were throwing their nets and dragging here and there,— he was no bottle-imp to be fooled with by a conjurer,— he was, he is, and he will be, one of the great elemental powers which move forward the civilization of the world.

The "glittering generalities" of the Kansas-Nebraska bill said, "The first settlers shall settle its institutions forever." What more could our neighbors here in Missouri ask? Jefferson Davis supposed, and Mr. Atchison supposed, that our friends here in Independence and Platte City and Westport would step over the boundary between night and morning, and in an hour stamp slavery on your soil forever. When that was once done, they knew that no freeman would ever come upon land thus cursed. Witness South Carolina, witness Arkansas, witness Mr. Davis's own Mississippi. What freeman had ever migrated to such "sacred soil"? Such was the hope and plan of squatter sovereignty.

But alas for the plan! The free North took up the words, and made of them no "glittering generality," but a terrible reality.

"The first settlers shall decide this question? Very well, we will be of the first settlers."

It is in such words that young America answered the great challenge,— when, as I said, young America picked up the glove.

All that was needed was some form of organization, enough to show all adventurers that they were not alone. Here was the great Northwest, full of young men and women who had drunk in freedom with their first breath. They had grown up under the ægis of Nathan Dane's ordinance, the freedom ordinance of 1787, whose language has been copied in every free-ordinance from that day to this day. They were used to the prairie, used to the open air, used to campaigning, used to be free. They had been held in the leash by their allegiance to law. The ordinance of squatter sovereignty was no gilded generality to them. It released them, and they sprang into the field at the call of Liberty. Thousands upon thousands of such men were ready to go down the Mississippi, to go up the Missouri, to make their homes here — our friend Sam Wood has told you how — the moment the prairie was open to them.

And for what did they come? For liberty of religion? They had that at home. For bright jewels of the mines? Thank God, they have never found them in Kansas. For virgin soil or homestead farms? They could have those in Iowa, in Minnesota, or in Nebraska, and that without a struggle. If all they wanted was freedom, freedom for themselves and freedom for their children, those were to be had for asking, without the flash of one shot-gun, without the crack of one rifle. But these men wanted more. They wanted more, and they won more. It was for other men's children that they looked forward. It was for the future of the whole country that they looked forward. That the advance of slavery should at last be arrested, which had been as steady as it had been stealthy, since Eli Whitney invented the cotton-gin. These settlers from the Northwest meant to establish that barrier, and to establish it forever,— a barrier against which the surf tide of slavery should break, and dissolve like the invisible spray which plays over the porphyry headlands of New England. "Thus far shalt thou come and no farther, and here shalt thy proud waves be stayed."

It is this utter unselfishness, this fanaticism, if you please,— I like the word,— of the Northern movements, when the Northern mind is possessed with an idea, that the Southern leaders never could comprehend, and for which they never provided. They do not comprehend it to-day, and that is the reason why they do not provide for it to-day. Mr. Jefferson never comprehended its grandeur nor its terror. In the only conversation I ever had with Mr. Calhoun, he occupied the whole time in describing this divine frenzy for an idea, as it existed in Cromwell's Puritans. But it was clear to me, even then, that he had no conception of its pent-up wrath, all ready to burst upon him and his, when the rolling wheel should strike the stroke, and the descendants of the Puritans, in the grand fanaticism of the nineteenth century, should be set free. Jefferson Davis and his crew did not suspect it, when in the glee of triumph they gave a joyful assent, as Mr. Forney told you, to what they thought these glittering generalities of squatter sovereignty in the Nebraska Act. No more did General Beauregard suspect it, when he fired the fatal shot against Sumter. With that shot began the ceaseless march of hordes upon hordes of Northern freemen, the descendants of Cromwell and Hampden, and the men who charged at Naseby and Marston Moor, who would march and bleed and die and conquer, till the meanest slave

in the whole land was free. And no statesman, Northern or Southern, will ever rightly lead this country, or rightly apprehend its forces, who does not understand the devotion of the North, when it is roused in one of its divine frenzies, to an idea.

Now I am proud of my own Puritan blood. I am glad that I descend from a regicide. I am glad that my children descend from the Pilgrims of Plymouth Rock. I am glad that my ancestors came over to the Bay with Winthrop and with Dudley. That Puritan emigration was a noble emigration for conscience' sake. But, all the same, let me say, and that not for the first time, that the next great emigration for conscience' sake contained one additional element of moral grandeur. In 1630, those Englishmen from whom you are born left their homes in England to make other homes in New England according to the divine pattern, as they thought God had given it to men. A noble desire indeed, and kindly has God answered it. But in the next emigration for conscience' sake, which came after two hundred and twenty-five years, came when the freemen of Ohio and Indiana, Illinois, and Iowa, and Michigan, the freemen of the great Middle States, and the freemen of poor, cold, storm-beat New England, marched and rode and sailed and fought, up rivers, over prairies, through friend or through foe, that they might plant Kansas, there was one other element of nobility which that first emigration did not know. The Puritans sought to make a State for themselves and their children. You sought to save a State which you saw endangered, to save it forever for God and for mankind.

In this movement there was only one point of weakness. It is to this hour the weakness of all emigration. It is the danger that comes to the lonely emigrant. "It is not good for man to be alone." It would certainly happen that the Westport people would put our friend Mr. Butler into the river. It would certainly happen that Barber would be murdered in the wilderness. It would be easy to pick off one here and one there. The great Northern movement must have the strength and magic of the great Christian word "together." There must be some organization, though it were the simplest, to give unity to the Northern movement. The lack of such unity would be certain failure, and here it was that the boding prophets prophesied failure. For the slave-holding interest was a unit, from the nature of the case,

and acted as a unit without even meaning it or intending it. It was organized already. The institution it was pledged to, compelled its unity of action.

It was at this point that Eli Thayer's work, in organizing the simple, abused, misunderstood Emigrant Aid Company, has an exquisite interest, as it proved it had an infinite value. As Gov. Robinson told you, before the fatal bill passed Congress, Eli Thayer had his charters from Massachusetts and Connecticut. Before the bill passed Congress, Gov. Robinson and Mr. Branscomb were here, in the work of the Company, looking up sites for settlements. Before the year was ended, nearly five hundred emigrants from New England sent forward by this Company were here. They were not one-tenth of the emigration of that year. But what was important was that they were in compact settlements. They were in towns.

Now towns, gentlemen and ladies, towns and cities have always been the fortresses of freedom. It was so in the crisis of Kansas.

I need not remind you of what Mr. Wood said so well yesterday. Why did not the ruffians wipe out his little cottage, and leave him and his dead in the doorway? Because they must first handle Lawrence. What struck the real terror into marauding companies, till they found marauding a bad business? It is, as he told you, "the Stubbs" that are worth more than twenty "resolutions," and the "Stubbs" always form themselves in the intimacies and confidences of men together. Man is a gregarious animal. We separate, and we are broken, as Æsop said, like the stalk of a dead sun-flower. They tie us in faggots, and there is no heat so hot as the blaze of the burning!

Let me, then, in a few words describe the methods of the work of the Emigrant Aid Company. I have often heard it described, but almost always it was misrepresented.

In the first place, it never hired a man to go to Kansas, or offered any inducement under heaven to tempt him to go, if he did not mean to. All that stuff of the time about shipping paupers to Kansas was so much clear falsehood. Good heavens, we had no need! The whole of the East and North and Northwest was on the alert. Men and women were wild to go. We never paid any man's passage. We never gave a cent towards any man's passage; not so much as a paper of popped-corn to feed him on the way. If he went, he bought his own ticket; and, when he came, he

selected his own home. Only we kept our travelling agents coming and going; we sent one of them with every party of settlers. These parties were apt to hold together, and from such parties grew such towns as Lawrence, Topeka, Manhattan, Ossawatomie, and more. All we had to do with the settlers was to induce them to keep together. *Together* ought to be the motto of Kansas.

But the Company had other business as pressing. Mr. Mill or Mr. Spencer would tell you that these new communities must go forward only with such assistance as only the instincts of capital will supply. But I can tell you, my friends, that capital is very shy about sending steam-engines and saw-mills and grist-mills and printing-presses into regions which are the scenes of warfare, and where people who carry them are unpopular. It was the business of our Company to step in and do what timid capital was afraid to do. So soon as a settlement was made in Lawrence, it was our business to put a saw-mill here, and I dare say many a man who had never heard of the Emigrant Aid Company when he left Ohio was glad to have his logs sawed by the Emigrant Aid Company's saws. We used to head our appeals for money in New England with the words, "Saw-mills and Liberty." Where there was a saw-mill, there would be a town, we said. Where there was a town, there would be a company of "Stubbs," and, when you had companies enough, you were sure of liberty.

So when our friend Mr. George Brown came to us, and told us of his grand enterprise of the *Herald of Freedom*, we were glad to risk $2,000 with him in that operation. And when his type was thrown into the Kansas River here, we were not sorry to hear that it had been fished out again to be cast into cannon-balls to fit the old Sacramento twelve-pounder.

But perhaps the machinery that will interest this audience now was more portable machinery.

In the spring of 1855, my friend Mr. Dietzler came on in haste to New England, to say that fighting was certain, and that you must have more weapons. The breech-loading rifle was then a new and costly arm. It was then that we gave to Sharpe's Rifle Company, of Hartford, the first of a series of orders which became historical. In the next year, Ward Beecher won the nickname which he has never lost, "Sharpe's Rifle Beecher"; and I fancy there is no nickname of which he is more proud. With your permission, I will

read the answer of the Company to that order, and then I will ask our friend Mr. Adams to accept that letter as an historical document for his Society: —

SHARPE'S RIFLE MANUFACTURING CO.,
HARTFORD, May 7, 1855.

THOS. H. WEBB, ESQ.:—

Dear Sir,—Annexed, find invoice of one hundred carbines, ammunition, etc., delivered Mr. Dietzler this morning. For balance of account, I have ordered on Messrs. Lee, Higginson & Co., at thirty days from this date, for $2,155.65, as directed by you.

We shall be pleased to receive further orders from you, and will put up arms at our lowest cash prices to the trade, with interest added for time. The sample carbine for your use shall go forward immediately.

Our negotiations with you, I trust, will be entirely confidential, as the trade in Boston and elsewhere might take offence if they understood we had made you better terms than we grant to others. Your obedient servant,

J. C. PALMER, *Pres.*

You know the history of that invoice, and of the invoices which followed. You can tell where our mountain howitzer is to-day, and I could tell you where it came from. But I must not dwell on such memories. It was our happy fortune to send to Kansas, in her infancy, the bells which should proclaim liberty to the land, the clocks which should tell the time from the towers of her churches, the books which children should study in her schools, the Bibles which men should read from in her pulpits, and the precious chalice with which, at the Lord's table, men and women should unite in the cup of fellowship and communion. Selfish capital, eager for a reward, ought to have supplied these things, according to the theorists. But selfish capital did not do any such thing. These necessities of life were sent to Kansas, not by the meanness of greed, but by the voluntary contributions of men and women who were willing to sacrifice everything for an idea. These belong to the sleepless "fanaticism" of New England.

I am bound in mere gratitude to Dr. Stringfellow and Mr. Atchison, and our friends at Westport and Independence, and in all the border counties of Missouri, to say that they did everything they could to help us in our work in New

England. My part of that work was lecturing up and down the country, and feeding the New England press with its Kansas news. And never had a public speaker better backers than I had, in your well-meaning friends, the border ruffians. In that first year, 1854, we collected and expended in Kansas about thirteen thousand dollars. Our friends in Missouri were kind enough to multiply this little sum by four or five hundred, and they proclaimed to the world that we were spending five million dollars in the Territory. If, in any part of America, there were any of those people whom Col. Legate described with so much humor last night, who wanted to "better their condition," they were attracted by this announcement. It is possible that even now, in this moral and high-toned community, you have heard of men who, if they knew that five million dollars were to be spent at Topeka, would like to be present at the spending. I am speaking, I dare say, to those who wept for Barber's death, and R. P. Brown's and Dow's. But, for every drop of those men's blood, some brave man left the North, determined to avenge him. It is by one of these dramatic coincidences which make men think that the eternal Nemesis acts with human fashions, and with the laws of time, that it happened that while the embers of the Free State Hotel were yet smoking, on that sad day when Governor Atchison was riding with his company, pensive or triumphant, through Massachusetts Street, here,— Preston Brooks struck Charles Sumner from behind in his seat in the Senate. Before New England heard of your insult here, she knew that her own son had been wounded nigh to death by a man with the spirit of a murderer. The two typical blows were struck which are needed to awaken and confirm indignation. The two deeds were in fact the same. They sprang from one spirit. They aroused one wave of indignation. They appealed to the same rule of righteousness, the "power which works for good" and sways the destiny of nations, and they brought with them the same vengeance.

But I speak too long. New England has long since rejoiced in the flow of the great Northwestern wave over these beautiful prairies. To that wave she contributed four or five thousand of her sons and daughters in the very years of battle. She never has been ashamed of them or their record. The Emigrant Aid Company, which I represent here, placed $125,000 in this Territory. No subscriber to that fund ever received back one cent from the investment. But all the

same we had our dividends long ago. They came in Kansas free, a nation free, in the emancipation of four millions of black men, and in the virtual abolition of slavery over the world.

The Company's operations afterward need not be described. In Western Texas, we did what we could. When the time came, we directed a few thousand free men into Florida ; and when Florida gave her righteous vote for a Republican President, that vote was due to no vulgar fraud, but to the organized emigration into Florida of Northern freemen ten years before.

The past is secure, gentlemen and ladies : the future is in your hands. See that it be not unworthy of your history.

From Thanksgiving to Fast.

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